¶ A merry gest how a Frere gate hys dyner.

Wyse men alwaye
Affirme & say / ꝑ best is
For a dylygently (man
For to applye / ꝑ besynes
Ꝑ he and in no wyse (can
To enter prise / an other faculte
For he that wyll
And can no skyll / is neuer lyke to the
Ye that hath lacke
The hosiers crafte & falleth to madꝑge
The smythe that shall (shone
To patꝑge fall his thꝛyfte is wel nygh
A blacke draper (done
With wyte pap / to go to wꝛytꝑge scole
An olde butler
Betwen a cutler / I wene shal proue a fole
In olde troc
That good cā not / but euer kylle ꝑ cup
With her physyke
Wyll kepe one seke / tyll she haue soued hym vp
A man of lawe
That neuer sawe / the wayes to by and sell
wenyn ge to aryse
By marchaundyse / I praye god spede hym well
A marchaunt eke.
That wyll good seke / by all the meanes he maye
To fall in sute
Tyll he dyspute / his monay clene away
Pletynge chelawe
For euery strawe / shall proue a thꝛyfty man
With bate and stryfe
But by my lyfe / I can not tell you whan
whan an hatter
wyll go smater In phylosophy
Or a pedlar
waxe a medlar / in theology

All that enſewe
Suche crafftes newe/they dyrue ſo fere a caſt
That euer more
They do ther fore/boſhrewe them ſelfe at laſte
This thynge was cryed
And vere tyed/here by a ſergeaunt late
That tykely was
Or he coude pas/rapped aboute the pate
Whyle that he wolde
Se how he coude/in goddes name play ꝑfrere
Now yf you wyll
Knowe how hyt fyll/Take hede & ye ſhall here
It happed ſo
Not longe ago/a thryfty man dyede
An hondred pounde
Of nobles rounde that had he layde a ſyde
His ſone he wolde
Sholde haue this golde/for to begyne with all
But to ſuffyce
His chylde well thryes/ꝯ monay were to ſmall
yet or this daye
I haue herde ſaye/that many a man certelle
Hath with good caſt
Be ryche at laſt/That hath begon with leſſe
But this yonge man
So well he can his monaye to Implore
That certenly
His poſſeſſyon/to le hyt was a Joye
For leſt lum blaſte
Wyght ouer caſte/his ſhyp or by myſchaunce
Lyen with ſome wyle
Wyght hym begyle/& mynyſſhe his ſubſtaūce
For to put out
All maner doubte/he made a good purcaupe
For euery whyt
By his owne wyt/and toke other waye
I wylle ſaye and wele

A grete dele/he dyghthyt in a pot
But tenh hym thoughe
That was nought/and there he lefte hyt not
So was he fayne
Frome thens agayne/to put hyt in a cup
And by and by
Couetously/he supped hyt fayre vp
In his owne brest
He thought hyt best/his monaye to enclose
Then wyst he well
what euer fell he coude hyt neuer lose
He porowed than
Of a nother man/monaye and marchaundyse
Neuer payde hyt
Up he layde hyt/in lyke maner wyse
yet on the gere
That he wolde were/he rought not what he
So hyt were nyce (spente
As for the pryce/coude hym not mysconcente
With lusty sporte
And with reporte/of iolye company
In myrthe and playe
Full many a daye/he lyued merely
And men had swore
Some man is borne/to haue a goodly floure
And so was he
For suche degre/he gate and suche honoure
That with out doubte
Whan he went out/a sergaunt well and fayre
was redy strapte
On him to wayte/as sowne as on the mayre
But he doubtlesse
Of his meknes/hated suche pompe & pryde
And wolde not go
Compryed so/but drewe hym selfe a syde
To sayne Katheryne

Streyght as a lyne/he gate hym at a tyde
For promocyon
Or promocyon/there wolde he nedes abyde
There spente he fast
Tyll all was past/and to hym came there many
To aske theyr det
But non coude get/the valour of a peny
With vylage stoute
He bare hyt oute/vnto the harde hedge
A moneth or twayne
Tyll he was fayne/to laye his gowne to pledge
Than was he there
In greter fere/then or that he came thyder
And wolde as fayne
Be parte agayne/but that he wyst not whyther
Than after this
To a frende of his/he went and there abode
Where as he laye
So syke al waye/he myght not come abrode
Hyt happed than
A marchaunt man/that he ought monaye to
Of an offycere
Than gan enquyre/what hym was best to do
And he answerde
Be not a ferde/take an accyon therfore
I you behestе
I shall hym rydе/and than care for no more
I fere quod he
Hyt wyll not be/for he wyll not com out
The sergeaunt sayd
Be not afrayde/hyt shall be brought aboute
In many a game
Lyke to the same haue I bene well in vre
and for your sake
Let me be bake/but yf I do this cure
Thus part they bothe

And to hym goth/a pace this offycere
And for a daye
All his araye/he chaunged with a frere
So was he dyght
That no man myght/hym for a frere deny
He dopped and doked
He spake and loked/so relygyously
yet in a gialle
Or he wolde palle/he to ted and he pered
His herte for pryde
Lepte in his syde/to se how well he frered
Than forth a pace
Unto the place/he goeth in goddes name
To do this dede
But nowe take hede /for here begynneth ỹ game
He drewe hy nye
And softly/at the doze he knocked
A damoysell
That herde hym well/came & it vnlocked
The frere sayd
God spede fayre mayde/here lodget such a mã
Jcl s colde me
Well syr quod she/and yf he do what than
Quod he maystrelle
No harme doublelle/hyt longethe for our ordre
To hurte no man
But as we can/euery wyght to fordre
With hym truely
Fayne speke wolde J/syr quod she by my faye
He is so syke
ye be not lyke/to speke with hym to daye
Quod he fayre maye,
yet J pou praye/this moche at my delyre
Vouche safe to do
As to go hym to/and saye an auslen frere
wolde with hym speke

And maters breke/for his auayle certayne
Quod he I wyll
Stode ye here styll/tyll I come downe agayne
Up is she go
And tolde hym so/as she was bode to saye
He mystrystynge
No maner thynge/sayd mayden go they waye
And fetche hym hyder
That we togyder /may talke adowne she goth
And vp she brought
No harme she thought/but it made some folke
But this olde frere (wroth
This fayned frere /whan he was come aloft
Ye dopped than
And grete this man/relygyously and oft
And he agayne
Right gladde & fayne/toke hym there by ȳ honde
The frere than sayd
ye be dysmayde/hich trouble I vnderstonde
In dede quod he
Hyt hath with me ben better than hyt is
Syr quod the frere
Be of good chere/yet shall hyt lakker this
For crystes sake
Loke that you take/no thought in your brest
God may tourne all
And so he shall/I truste vnto the best
But I wolde now
Comyn with you/ in counsell yf you please
Or elles nat
Of maters that/shall set your herte at ease
Downe went the mayde
The marchaūt sayd / Now say on gentyll frere
Of all this tydynge
That ye me brynge/I longe full sore to here
Whan there was none

But they alone/the frere with cupll grace
Sayd I reft the
Come on with me/and out he toke his mace
Thou shalte obaye
Come on thy waye/I haue thè in my cloche
Thou goest not hense
For all the pense/the mayre hath in his pouche
This marchaunt there
For wrathe and fere/waxed welnyghe wode
Sayde horsone theke
With a maschete/who hath caught the good
And with his fyste
Upon the syste/he gaue hym suche a blowe
That backwarde downe
Almoste in sowne/the frere is ouer throwe
yet was this man
Well ferder than/lest he the frere had slayne
Cyll with good rappes
And heuy clappes/he dawde hym vp agayne
The frere toke herte
And vp he sterte/and well he layed aboute
And so there goth
Betwene them bothe/many a lusty cloute
They rente and tere
Eche other here/and claue togyder fast
Cyll with luggynge
Halynge & tugynge/they fell doune both at last
That on the grounde
Togyder rounde/with many a lode stroke
The roll and rumble
They tourne & tumble/lyke pygges in a poke
So longe a boue
They heue and shoue/togyder that at the last
They mayde the wyfe
To breke the stryfe/hyed them vpwarde faste
And whan they se
They captaynes lye/waltrynge on the place

They pulled a good/adoune about his face
whyle he was blynde
The wenche behynde/lent hym on the floze
Many a Jolle
Aboute the nolle/with a grete batyll doze
The wyfe came yet
And with her fete/she holpe to kepe hym downe
And with her rocke
Many a knocke she gaue hym on the crowne
They layde his mace
Aboute his face/that he was wode for payne
The frere frappe
Gate many a swappe/tyll he was full nyg he slayne
Up they hym syfte
And with eugll chyrkte/hedlynge all the stayze
Downe they hym chze we
And sayd adewe/commaunde vs to the mayze
The frere arose
But I suppose/amased was his hede
He shoke his eres
And frome grete feres/he thought hym well a flede
Quod he now lost
Is all this cost/we be neuer the nere
yll mote he the
That caused me/to make my selfe a frere
Now maysters all
And now I shall/ende there I began
In ony wyse
I wolde auyse/and counseyll euery man
His owne crafte vse
All newe refuse/and vtterly let them gone
Playe not the frere
Now make good chere/and welcome euery chone
Enpzynted at Londō by me Julyan Notary dwellyg
in Powlys churche yarde at the weste doze
at the sygne of Layut Wacke